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LONDON PERAMBULATING POTATO MERCHANTS. 4



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VOL. I.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XIX.—LONDON PERAMBULATING POTATO MERCHANTS.

An Irishman is said to live on potatoes, as Boniface lived on ale. Hence, their favourite lines—

"The finest divarsion that's under the sun, Is to sit by the fire till the praties are done."

But think not, O reader, that the potato is most honoured in Ireland. It is in London alone that it is exalted to place and state, and has altars to it on the streets. Hark! All hot! all hot! Delicious potatoes and butter! Who would not stop on some cold frosty day, when the north-east wind turns his face blue and his nose red, to spend a halfpenny on a hot potato and butter? Look, too, how loyal our potato merchant is—on his elegant portable machine he has inscribed the words, "Victoria Potatoes!"

About one half of the entire number of London establishments, range under the three general heads of food, clothing, and habitation. There are about 8500 engaged in the supply of food, 5000 in liquors, 8000 in clothing, from 800 to 1000 in coal, 3000 in the building, sale, and letting of houses, and 4500 in the supply of household furniture, and decorations of every kind. By classing food and liquor establishments together, we have nearly 14000 under the head of food, and only 8000 under clothing; but the subdivisions of employment under clothing, as might naturally be expected, are greater than those under food.

The old habit, which is probably coeval with the existence of cities, of particular trades or professions settling down in particular streets or districts, and which thenceforward become, by positive or tacit consent, appropriated to them, is in a great degree disappearing from London. The fishmonger and the silk mercer, the confectioner and the butcher, the tallow chandler and the tailor, the china man and the cheesemonger, occupy alternate shops. Some relics still remain of the old habit. Paternoster Row is still much occupied by booksellers, and Lombard street by bankers; Long Acre by coach makers, and Cranbourne alley by straw hat makers; Holywell street and Monmouth street uphold their old reputation of being mainly occupied by those who sell old clothes for new; and Brokers' alley is crowded by dealers in second-hand furniture. Other streets and places have distinct characteristics, though occupied by shops of various kinds.

There are several spots which have become, by a kind of prescription, markets for the working population; and in these places provisions can be bought much cheaper, though a little coarser, than in other places. Two of these spots are more especially worthy of notice—a particular part of Tottenham Court Road, and a street called the New Cut, on the Surrey side of the water. The latter is worth a visit on a Saturday evening. The street is occupied by butchers, bakers, dealers in pork, beef, ham, and sausages,

furniture brokers, old-clothes men, pawnbrokers, and gin shops. When evening has closed, a number of itinerant vendors of wares take up positions on the street, calculating on receiving their share of the Saturday evening spendings. Here and there are tin machines, such as the one exhibited in our engraving, some of them even elegantly finished off with brass mountings; each containing a fire, while the steam issues from a little pipe or funnel in each. The proprietors of these machines make the street resound with their cries of "all hot!"-signifying hot butter and potatoes. And doubtless, many a hard-working man, passing by one of these tempting little "establishments," thinks a large-sized hot potato and butter worth the halfpenny he exchanges for it. Our engraving, is, in fact, an exquisite illustration of the great principle of exchange, when carried on in the midst of a vast population like London. Where, but in London, could "profit and loss" thus be found, carried out in practice to the very streets, and supporting such elegant little machines? We almost feel inclined to try a potato!

NEW THEORY OF THE DELUGE.

Some of our readers are aware that the Rev. Dr. J. Pye Smith, the eminent dissenting minister, lately published a work on the subject of geology. In this work the Rev. gentleman advances a new theory respecting the deluge. That theory will be found very clearly stated and ably supported, in a communication which has been sent to us by a friend. We shall first insert the article, and then make one or two observations on the subject. Alluding to a work in which the hypothesis of a globular or universal deluge is maintained, the friend to whom we are indebted for the communication thus proceeds:—

We are exceedingly sorry that the intelligent writer should have hampered himself with the idea of a globular deluge. We would yield to no man in reverent respect for the inspired record; but that respect is not evinced by implicitly adopting interpretations which not only war with science, but are not at all required by the terms of the inspired narrative itself.

Speaking with reverence, whatever the Deity does must be equally easy of accomplishment, whether it be the blowing of a flower, or the holding of the entire solid contents of the globe in solution, or the creation of a universe, with its myriads of suns and revolving worlds. But the Divine Being himself has not taught us thus to regard the operations of His hands; and while we perceive around us the unequivocal demonstrations of creative and controlling POWER, we never see that power (so to speak) wasted or wantonly exercised. Economy no less than affluence is stamped on every thing.

Now, in order to surround the globe with one universal

Now, in order to surround the globe with one universal ocean, deep enough, or rather high enough, to cover the loftiest mountains, a stupendous quantity of water must have been expressly created, and then expressly annihilated. This could have been done by a miracle; but the Almighty never performs useless miracles; that is, we never perceive that he interferes with the great law which he has established, except for some extraordinary purpose or reason.

If the earth had been surrounded with one stupendous ocean, besides the two-fold miracle of creating and anni-

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hilating a quantity of water far exceeding in amount all that is on the surface of the globe, another miracle must have been performed in suspending the action of the sun's rays on the atmosphere, in order to retain the ark about the place of Noah's nativity and habitation. Unless this miracle had been performed, currents would have driven the ark along the surface of this vast ocean in a given direction, and it must have circumnavigated the globe in order to return, which in the period was impossible.

Admitting the argument drawn from the idea of the ark stranding on the top of Ararat, another miracle must have been performed, in transporting Noah, his family, and all the creatures, from the peak of this almost inaccessible mountain to the plains below. Even admitting that the human beings could have let themselves down from the conical peak, which rises far above the limit of perpetual snow, how could the elephant or the ox have been got down? They must have been transported through the air, and that, being a deviation from the laws of creation, would have been a miracle.

If we admit, or rather contend, that the right interpretation of the inspired narrative requires a globular deluge, then the same mode of interpretation requires us to believe, that pairs of all creatures on the globe were preserved by Noah in the ark. By what means was the polar bear carried to and from the ark? How the African lion? How the Australian kangaroo? Nay, nay, let us not charge the Divine Being foolishly, nor lightly adopt an interpretation hedged in by stapendous difficulties!

an interpretation hedged in by stupendous difficulties!

If there was a universal deluge, the mighty mass of waters, rolling round the globe, and pressing with tremendous weight, must have utterly destroyed every vestige of vegetable life. Whence, then, found the dove its olive branch? Remember, that in "seven days" after the water had been "on the face of the whole earth," the dove was sent out a second time, and returned "in the evening, and lo, in her mouth an olive leaf plucked off." Yet, on the supposition of a globular deluge, we have here another miracle, for not only must the leaf have been created for the express purpose, but also that from which it was plucked off. And if we reject the supposition of a miraculous creation, we are driven to another miracle, in the sustentation of vegetable life during the deluge.

The inspired narrative does not say that the ark rested on Mount Ararat. The words are, "upon the mountains of Ararat." Ararat is "the name of a region in the centre of the high lands of Armenia, which was included in the former Persian province of Aran, but now in the present Russian government of Armenia; the Armenians call it to this day Ararat. The mountains of this region are called the mountains of Ararat, on which the ark rested. The whole of Armenia is called the kingdom of Ararat," as in Jeremiah i. 51, "call together against her the kingdoms of Ararat."

When we find that the small country of Palestine is occasionally termed the earth, we may easily concede, that in the early period before the Deluge, the term would be applied to signify that portion of Asia inhabited by the human race. This was the earth; and it was this portion of the globe which was subverted by the comparatively tranquil deluge by which the human race was destroyed, with the exception of Noah and his family. The deluge was universal, so far as man was concerned. This interpretation harmonizes with the inspired narrative, with science, and with probability. It harmonizes, also, with all the traditions of a flood, to be found over all the earth, and which have been collected together in the essay which have elicited these remarks. The children of Noah, diverging from a common centre, carried with them the dread memory of the great common event; until the fact

of a deluge having destroyed man is to be found registered in the traditions and ceremonies of all nations.

The theory developed in this communication is ingenious, and as we have already remarked, is very ably supported. Still we are not prepared to embrace Should not some of our correspondents who have more leisure and are better acquainted with the subject than ourselves, reply in detail to the arguments of our talented contributor, we shall on some future occasion undertake the task. In the mean time, we must be allowed to remark, that nearly every objection which is urged against a globular or universal deluge, applies with equal force against a local or limited deluge, as described in the inspired records. The deluge, according to either hypothesis, was a miracle; the only difference being one of degree; and with the Divine Being there is no such thing as degrees. Degrees can only be spoken of in reference to the comprehension and powers of finite beings. In so far, therefore, as the Deity is concerned, there was no greater miracle, on the generally received supposition of a universal deluge, than there could have been according to the novel hypothesis of a local deluge. Consequently, what is urged against the theory of a globular deluge, on the ground that it would have been a miracle, falls at once to the ground.

But as we cannot enter at any length into the subject at present, we must content ourselves with one other observation. Our contributor assumes that the universal tradition of the deluge is to be ascribed to the circumstance of the children of Noah diverging from a common centre and carrying with them the memory of the common event. That the universality of the tradition is to be attributed to the circumstances in question, we readily admit; but then it must be remembered, that we have other evidence than either tradition or Scripture affords, that a great liquid catastrophe, if we may so express ourselves, has at some time or other befallen our earth. Recent geological researches have established the fact beyond all doubt, that at one period or other of the world's history, every country with which we are acquainted, has been covered by water. The tops of mountains in every quarter of the globe, 2000 or 3000 feet above the level of the sea, have been clearly proved to have been so many watery beds; so that there must at some period or other have been "stupendous quantities of water" on our earth, which have long since vanished from our view.

The great question in all such cases as the present, is, what is the plain meaning of the inspired narrative? To put a forced construction on any passage of Scripture, even though that passage may relate to a purely scientific subject, is to establish a perilous principle. Now there can be no question, that the natural or evident import of those portions of the book of Genesis which refer to the deluge is, that that deluge was globular or universal. And to that theory we must still continue to cling, until it has been demonstratively shown, which it certainly has not yet been, that the theory is at irreconcileable variance with Scripture facts.

OBSERVATIONS ON IRISH MARRIAGES.

(FROM MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL'S IRELAND.)

Amid the want so often attendant upon the young and thoughtless marriages of the Irish peasantry, it is wonderful to note how heart clings to heart. Poverty, the most severe and prolonged, rarely creates disunion, and still more rarely separation. The fidelity of the Irish wife is proverbial; she will endure labour, hunger, and even ill usage, to an almost incredible extent, rather than break the marriage vow; we have known cases in abundance. "He beat me," said a pretty weeping girl, not nineteen, who had married from the service of an old friend,-" he beat me, ma'am, long ago; but I never thought more of it since; and yet that didn't hurt me half so much as he's saying that maybe little Ned wasn't his; that's breaking the heart of me intirely, though I know he did not mane it, that it was the temper that spoke in him-the weary on it for temper! - I've known nothing but hardship since I married him; but I didn't complain of that; we both expected nothing else; and I don't mind a hasty stroke, for it's hard on him to see us wanting a potato, and he wet and weary-an ould man before his time with the slavery and though I put little Neddy to bed early to sleep off the hunger, vet often it's too teazing on the poor child, and wakes him in spite of me, and I know the little hungry face of the darlint aggravates his father. I know all that; the gates of death, if that would save him an hour's pain; he ought to know it-and he does know it-I'm sure he does; and he kissed me this morning on his fasting breath, leaving me the handful of potatoes for me, and saving the masther, where he gives his strength for eight-pence a day, ordered him a breakfast, which I'm sure ain't the truth. The love's in his heart as strong as ever; but the misery, ma'am, often hardens the man while it softens the woman; he didn't mane it, and he knows it's not true, but it's hard to listen to such a word as that. He was my first love, and he'll be my last. None of us can tell what's before us, but I'd go all my trouble over again if it would do him any sarvice!" It is also worthy of remark that second mar-riages are very rare among the peasantry, and, we may perhaps add, comparatively, among the higher classes. This affords a strong proof of the depth of their attachment, for it is very improbable that prudence can restrain in the second instance those who take so little of her counsel in the first.

They do not hold it strictly right for either man or woman to marry again; and if a woman does so, she prefaces it with an apology :-- "It's a father I was forced to put over His children, because I had no way for them, God help me! and this man, ye see, says, 'Mary,' he says, 'I have full and plenty for them, and the Lord above he know's it's justice I'll do them, and never hinder yer prayers for the man ye lost, or anything in rason, or out of rason either;' an' troth he has kep' his word wonder-ful." And the neighbours of the married widower apologise for him after this fashion:—" Well, to be sure! we must consider he had a whole houseful of soft children, and no one to turn round on the flure, or do a hand's turn for them; so it's small blame to him after all." Or they condemn-" Yarra huish! to see an old stuckawn like that set himself up with a young wife, and grown up daughters in his house. To think of the hardness of him -passing the churchyard, where the poor heart that loved him, and put up with him, and slaved for him and his children, is powdering into dust-passing the grave where the grass isn't long, with a slip of a girleen in the place of her with the thoughtful head and the ready hand. Oh, bedad! she'll punish him, I'll engage; and I'm glad of

it." They are more angry with a woman for a second marriage than with a man, and certainly never consider a second union as holy as a first.

The following is a striking and creditable instance of attachment to the memory of a wife. We once remarked to a very respectable old man, and of very prepossessing appearance, that he must have been a great favourite with the fair sex in his youth. "Listen to me," said he, and the divil a word of a lie I'm tellin' you, for I can't be far from my end now. Some time afther the death of my wife, a rich widow, and a handsome one, fell in love with me, and offered to marry me. Faith, it was a temptin' offer-my manes were small, and the family were large and helpless. But when I went home and looked at the poor childer, and thought of her that was gone-oh, I could never bear to bring another in her place—for she was a good woman, and a lovin' woman, and a sensible woman (here his voice began to grow tremulous with emotion, but by an effort he added), and a likely woman! He burst into tears. This man's wife had been dead nearly thirty years. We may link with this an anecdote of the other sex. We know a widow, who is now about fifty years old; she has two daughters well provided for, and two sons who "help to keep the cabin over her." She was as susceptible as most of her countrywomen, and in her youth had a sweetheart. He was not, however, the choice of her parents, who married her to another—the ugliest man in the parish. We were once present when somebody asked her whether she was not crying the whole night of her marriage. The question brought out her natural eloquence. "I was," she said, "I'm not ashamed to own it now; I was giving up myself to a man I didn't like, and I fond of another at the time. He was the ordinaryest man in the county; but I won't wrong him; he was a good husband to me, and nobody can say I wasn't a good wife to him, thank God! He was sickly eleven years before he died; and all that time I didn't lay my side on a bed for three hours together, day nor night, besides having a family of four children to look after. He left me without the means of helping them, except by the work of these two hands. I brought them up, thank God! decently; nobody can say I didn't, and never asked a meal for them from any Christian I didn't earn it from."

CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The reports to the House of Commons upon the condition of the working classes of Great Britain, present a picture appalling and truly horrifying. These reports are irrefragable evidences of the physical and moral degradation of the working and humbler classes of Great Britain, and are no doubt the silent causes of the late, and indeed present dissatisfied and disturbed state of the people, for nothing so quickly evokes from its murky habitations the spirit of revolt, as poverty. The following is a condensed statement of the returns contained in the reports alluded to.

NOTTINGHAM has a population of 50,000. Within the town, which consists of 11,000 houses, there are from 7,000 to 8,000 built back to back. When the cholera raged many rows of houses were found to be placed upon drains, which were shallow, and simply covered with the boards of the sitting room floors. These, when shrunk by heat, allowed noxious smells to rise. The health and morals of the residents suffered greatly from the state of their dwellings. Liverpool population consists of 230,000. There are in the borough of Liverpool 7,862 inhabited cellars, dark, damp, confined, ill ventilated, and dirty. These cellars contain one-fifth of the working clusses, being 39,300

persons, and of the whole population they contain one There are 2,270 courts, in which there are six or seven families, and few of these courts have more than one outlet. Manchester population 200,000. It was ascertained that twelve per cent of the working population live in cellars. There are of that class 128,232 persons, of whom 34,676 live in cellars. In Salford there are 49,991 of the working classes, 3,335 of whom dwell in cellars. It is stated that of 57,000 dwellings of the working classes which were examined, 18,400 were ill-furnished, and 10,400 scarcely comfortable. In Bury the population is 20,000. The following statement of the condition of 3000 of the families of the working classes in this place, is most revolting. In 773 houses there slept three to four in a bed; in 207, there slept four to five in a bed; and in 78, they slept five to six in a bed! This awful statement must rouse the honest and religious indignation of every Englishman. Bristol population 120,000. Of 5981 families, consisting of 20,000 persons, 2,800 families have but one room; 630 houses are without sewers, and 1304 now one room; 630 houses are without severs, and 1304 houses are without water, or are supplied with bad water. Newcastle on Tyne population 64,600. The examiner of this place reports as follows. In many parts the dwellings are close, dirty, and miserable, without order or comfort, whole families inhabiting a single room, and living in an atmosphere totally unendurable. The mind cannot picture a state of greater destitution or misery. a state of greater destitution or misery. LEEDS population 80,000. Of 17,800 houses, 13,600 are under £10. per annum, and contain 61,000 of the working classes. The streets are very bad, one half of which are hung with linen, and are impassable to horses. The north-east ward contains 15,400 working people, and has 93 streets. Of these, three have sewers, twelve have partly, thirty-eight are without sewers, and forty are unknown. In 1839, the deaths in Leeds were one in twenty-eight and a half. GLASGOW.—Mr. Symmonds, the commissioner, speaking of this city, says, "Until I visited the wynds of Glasgow, I did not believe that so large an amount of filth, crime, misery, and disease existed in any civilised country. In the lower lodging houses, ten, twelve, and sometimes twenty persons, of both sexes and all ages, sleep promiscuously on the floor in different degrees of nakedness. These places are such as no person of common humanity would stable his horse in. The lower parts of several of those houses, are spirit-shops, pawn-shops, or eating houses. The popula-tion of these wretched districts is probably 30,000; it certainly exceeds 20,000 persons who are passing through the rapid career of prostitution, drunkenness, and disease. The number of persons who died last year was 10,270, or one to twenty-three and a half to the whole population, and of that number about 180 died of typhus, a disease which never leaves Glasgow. It appears from another statement that in 1835, the number of persons attacked by fever was 6180; in 1836, 10,092; and 1837, 21,800. Surely such an amount of human misery cannot but be contemplated with horror, and cannot fail of arousing the tender sympathies of the humane and benevolent upon whom heaven showers its blessings of wealth, to some effort to rescue their fellow creatures from such an abyss of physical and moral debasement.

TRAPPISTS OF MOUNT MELERIE.

THE crops, enclosures, and planting of this extraordinary establishment, are truly wonderful, when we consider seven years ago it was a wild mountain. Our wonder increased when we approached the buildings. They are of great extent, and though not finished, are advancing rapidly towards completion.

We are told that the change of habits in the population of this mountain district since the establishment of the Trappists, is very remarkable. It was a notorious lawless neighbourhood, where outlaws and stolen sheep were sure to be found. Now nothing can be more peaceable.

The results of labour, judiciously applied, must also be of immense advantage; and the system of the establishment insures this application. The works of each department are directed by clever men, who by study become informed of all the recent discoveries, and are enabled thus to give the best instruction.

We were very courteously received by the Superior, who showed us all over the establishment. He has a most benevolent countenance, full of Christian humility, yet quite devoid of that cringing and servile expression I have sometimes remarked in Italian monks.

He took us through the garden; where the only flowers they have cultivated were blooming over the few graves of deceased brethren. The sun was shining upon them and upon the painted glass window of the chapel near. I was struck with the idea that these poor men must enjoy a more firm conviction of future bliss than most people. Their own daily fare is hard, and apparently miserable. No luxury, no ornament of any kind, is visible in those parts of the building in which they dwell. The garden, too, only contains common vegetables for their use; but the church is highly decorated. They expend all their money, all their ingenuity, in embellishing the temple of the God they serve; and they cause flowers to bloom on the graves of those who are gone, as if to show that real bliss can only be found in a hereafter.

There are about seventy monks in the establishment, all English and Irish. They were invited to return to France, but refused. Some of them were men of rank and fortune; but once a brother, all distinction ceases. Their dress is a white cloth robe, over it a black cape, with long ends reaching before nearly to the feet, and a pointed hood of the same dark hue. The effect of these singularly-attired and silent beings in the carpenter's shop where seven or eight were at work, was very striking: it seemed almost as if we were visiting another world and another race.

Strict silence towards each other is observed, and their mode of life is very severe. They rise at two o'clock every morning, both summer and winter, yet they do not partake of their first meal until eleven o'clock. They never eat meat or eggs, and have only two meals in the day. The second is at six; and we saw what was preparing for it—brown-bread, stir-about, and potatoes. The latter are boiled by steam; and a prayer is said by the monks just before they are turned out of the huge boiler, and carried in wooden bowls to the refectory. We also visited their dairy, where they made the best butter in the neighbourhood, by a peculiar method, in which the hand is not used. The dormitory is fitted up with a number of wooden boxes on both sides. Each box is open at the top, and contains the small bed and a crucifix, and just room enough for the brother to dress and perform his devotions.

The chapel is very large; and the monks are now decorating the altar and seats with very rich carving, It is entirely done by themselves; and we were told that some of the best carvers and gilders were rich men, who of course had never even tried to do anything of the kind until after they became moults. It is the same, too, with those who now dig the fields, and plant potatoes, and break stones, and make mortar. With all this hard life of deprivation and labour, the monks appear happy and very healthy.—Lady Chatterton's Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. CHAPTER I.

[Mr. Rickerby lately published an interesting little work under the somewhat quaint title of "What is an Egg Worth?" We give the principal part of the story, with the pictorial illustrations by which the little volume is embellished.]

Some centuries ago, there lived in a little woodland valley, in the north of Germany, a community of charcoal burners, whose huts were scattered here and there along the declivities of the hills. A piece of ground planted with fruit trees and vegetables was attached to each habitation; and this, with a small stock of hemp and flax, a cow and a few goats, was all these humble villagers had in the world. The children earned a trifle now and then, by working at a neighbouring forge; but they were still very poor, though they were not less happy on that account. Sobriety and industry ensured the enjoyment of health; and amongst the inmates of these cottages there were many who had reached the age of ninety years, and were still capable of relishing the comforts of life.

One sultry day, when the corn was just beginning to ripen, a little girl, who was keeping the goats, ran home quite out of breath, and told her parents, that some persons of singular appearance, who spoke a strange language, had arrived in the valley. A lady with her two children, and an old man, who appeared to be their servant, composed their party.

They were evidently in great distress, and suffering both from fatigue and hunger; and the kind-hearted little girl entreated that some food might be carried to them, and a lodging obtained for them in the village. The good people immediately followed the child in search of the strangers, with such homely food as the cottages afforded. The lady was sitting upon a mossy bank at the foot of a high rock: she was splendidly dressed; a veil

of rich lace covered her face, and a lovely little girl was lying in her lap, while the old servant was unloading the mule, which carried their baggage; and the other child, a fine boy, was feeding the animal with thistles.

The charcoal burner and his wife approached the lady with respect, perceiving at once, from the elegance of her appearance, and the dignity of her deportment, that she was a person of distinction.

"Look," whispered the woman to her husband, "look at that high collar so beautifully worked; the fine laced mittens upon her delicate hands; and those shoes! why they are as white as the cherry blossoms, and covered with silver flowers!"

Vexed at these observations, the husband replied, "Have done with your ridiculous vanity; rich clothes are suited to people of rank, but they do not make them either better or happier; and these shoes, so pretty and so gay, have not prevented the lady from hurting her tender feet in these rugged paths."

The worthy cottagers offered the noble stranger the food which they had brought, and when she lifted up her veil, they could not help being struck with the sweetness of her face, and the expressive beauty of her features. Having thanked them for their kindness, she took a porringer of milk, and gave it to the child upon her knees. Tears of tenderness started from her eyes and trickled down her cheeks, when she saw her grasp it with both her little hauds, and drink it eagerly. Some bread and milk were then given to the elder child; and it was not till the affectionate parent had satisfied her babes, that she thought of relieving her own necessities: nor was the old serving man forgotten. The lady then expressed her grateful thanks for the succour which had been afforded them.

In the mean time all the inhabitants of the valley had gathered round them, and telling them that she had been driven, by a fearful fate, from her country and her friends,

the lady begged them to procure for her a cottage in the valley, for which she was ready to pay handsomely.

From the head of the valley a little stream dashed rapidly downwards, and in its course turned a mill, which seemed as it were suspended among the overhanging rocks. On the opposite bank the miller had erected a neat rustic cottage, which though built only of wood, was delightfully situated on the brow of a steep crag, surrounded with a pleasant garden, and commanding a fine view across the valley. With this residence he offered to accommodate the lady.

"The little cottage which you see yonder," said he, pointing with his finger, "I will give up to you with all my heart. It has not yet been inhabited; indeed, I meant to occupy it myself, when I resign the mill to my

The lady accepted this obliging offer with gratitude, and found the cottage in every respect suited to her wants; and as the miller had already provided such furniture as was necessary, she had only to enter immediately upon her new habitation. Before she retired to rest, she returned thanks to God, who, after so much danger and sorrow, had provided for her so comfortable an asylum. "Who could have believed," she said, with a sigh, "that, brought up in a palace, I should one day think myself happy to find a shelter in a humble cottage! Ah, how much are the rich and the great interested in treat-



ing their inferiors with kindness and consideration; and how little does it become them to act towards them with arrogance and pride! Not only the feelings of humanity, but the dictates of prudence teach us this lesson; for who

can foresee the destiny reserved for himself?"

Somewhat recovered from her fatigue, the lady walked out the following morning with her children, to see the country in which she had found a home. A charming prospect lay before them. The huts of the charcoal burners were scattered at little distances along the valley: the little rivulet murmured through the midst of them, with a stream as clear as crystal; the goats were browsing upon the rocks, covered with soft green moss, and the whole landscape, illumined with the rays of the rising sun, presented to the eye a picture which the pencil of the most skilful artist would fail to imitate. Seeing them approaching, the honest miller threw a plank across the stream, and advanced to meet his guests.

"Well," said he, "is there in all the valley such a spot this? Here we enjoy the first rays of the morning as this? The huts below are still enveloped in the early The situation is at once healthy and beautiful."

While the new friends were engaged in conversation, the children of the lady were amusing themselves with at the motion of the large wheel, continually turning in the same place; they listened with surprise to the deafening mill-clack, and to the roar of the water, as it dashed in boiling foam below. The little girl was especially delighted to see the numberless drops of water, hanging like brilliant pearls upon the wheel, and dropping one after another into the stream.

The greater part of the day was passed in arranging the little household; and the good people of the village busied themselves in supplying victuals, wood, and what-ever articles might be wanted. Martha, the little girl who had first met with the party in the valley, was taken

into their service.

Preparations were now to be made for dinner; "But," said the lady to Martha, "I must first have some eggs; take the money and buy some."

"Eggs!" cried Martha with astonishment; "what do

you want eggs for?"
"To boil them," replied the lady; "go quickly, and

make haste back again."
"To boil them!" aga

"To boil them!" again cried the little girl, more sur-prised than before; "but the birds have none now; and then it would be such a pity! It would take so many eggs of the goldfinch and the thrush and the robin, to satisfy four people."
"Robins' eggs!" said the lady, equally amazed in her

turn: "I do not want birds' eggs; they are hens' eggs

that I mean."

At these words the girl hung down her head in deep thought. At length she said, "I do not know what these can be: I am sure that I have never seen any."

"What!" asked the lady, "do not you know what a

hen is?"

My young readers may perhaps be surprised at the ig-norance of this poor girl. Nevertheless, they will cease to be so, when they learn that hens came to us from the East, and that, at the time of the story I am now telling, they were as rare in some countries as the peacock is still in our own.

As it turned out that domestic poultry had never been seen in the valley, and they could get no meat, the lady found herself a good deal embarrassed in her housekeeping. "I should never before have thought," she observed, "that an egg was so precious a gift of Divine goodness, as now I acknowledge it to be. Alas! this is not the first lesson which my sorrows have taught me. Want and adversity have at least this advantage,—they make us sensible of the gratitude we owe to God, and prove to us the value of many of his blessings, which we do not properly

appreciate in the time of prosperity."

In her altered condition the good lady was obliged to live very frugally, and to impose upon herself great pri-It is true, her neighbours in the valley were ready to supply all her wants, as far as they could, and to soothe as much as possible the rigour of her lot. miller chanced to take a fine trout, or to shoot a few larks, he felt pleasure in offering them to his noble guest. Yet still the money she had brought with her was spent, and she was obliged from time to time to dispose of the jewels and trinkets of which she had a great abundance. Her faithful servant went occasionally to sell them at the nearest town, and returned with such articles as were necessary for the maintenance of the household. The inhabitants of the valley remarked, that every time old Bertram (for so he was called) returned from these excursions, that his mistress appeared more dejected than before. They were very desirous to know who she was, but they had not courage to ask her; and when they applied to Bertram, he teased them with names so difficult to repeat and to remember, that they soon found he was amusing himself

at their expense, without satisfying their curiosity.

One day as little Frederick, the eldest child, was rambling in the fields, several of the children of the village ran to him and coaxed him to tell his mother's name.
"Only whisper it," they said; "we will keep it secret."

The little fellow shrewdly replied, "Her name is Mamma."

The answers of his little sister, whose name was Blanche, were not more satisfactory, and the good people were obliged to trust to time for the discovery of the mystery.

One day old Bertram returned home with a chickencoop on his shoulders. As it was his custom on these occasions to bring back some little present for the children of the valley, his appearance soon attracted their attention; and their curiosity was excited to ascertain the contents of this large cage, which was covered with a thick cloth, so that they could not see into it. They accordingly followed him to the gate of the cottage, where his mistress was ready to receive him with a hearty welcome on his return.



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"Well," said the little Blanche, "so we have got some chickens at last!"

Bertram placed his load upon the ground, and opening the coop, out strutted a majestic cock. The children drew back a few paces in surprise. "What a beautiful bird!" they exclaimed. "Surely never was seen a more elegant creature. Only look at the fine red comb on the top of its head; and what a long tail!"

The hens gave them no less delight. There were two black ones, with red crests; two white ones, with tufted crowns; and two of a reddish brown, without tails. The lady threw them a handful of barley, and away they ran to pick it up. Ranged in a circle around, the children were delighted to watch the greedy creatures, as two or three together snatched at a single grain, and chased and battled with the fortunate possessor of it. When they had eaten the corn, the cock flapped his wings, and crowed in triumph. A hearty laugh burst from the joyous tribe, and all the way home the boys and girls continued shouting in imitation of the bird's remarkable note.

For several days they did nothing but talk of the wonderful sight they had seen. "They are larger than woodpigeons," said one. "Indeed are they," said another; "they are larger than ravens, and more beautiful than

any of the birds of the forest."

"If you had but seen," said Martha's little sister Mary to her mother, "if you had but seen the pretty red comb upon the head of one of them! Never did I see any thing like it before!" The parents now became as curious to see these singular birds as their children had been, and like them they expressed both astonishment and admiration at the sight of them.

Some time afterwards one of the hens began to sit, and the lady gave her into Martha's charge. One day she showed the nest to some of the village children, who were not a little startled at the number of eggs it contained. "Fifteen eggs!" they exclaimed, "the wood-pigeon lays but two, and scarcely any lay more than five. How will the hen be able to provide for so large a brood?"

When the time of incubation was at an end, the lady had a new surprise in store for her young favourites. She sent to fetch them, and as it was a holiday, many of their parents came with them. With what delight did they behold the eggs beginning to open, and the young chickens struggling to break their transparent prison. Still greater was their admiration when they saw the little brood nearly hatched, covered with soft down, and turning their small black eyes from side to side, and gradually escaping from the shell, whereas most other birds are born blind, unfledged and helpless.

"This is strange indeed," said the children; surely there never were such birds as these!" But their joy was at its height, when, on the next day, the beautiful hen, with her purple crest, came out for the first time upon the turf, surrounded by her little family.

"So beautiful a sight is seldom seen," said one of the charcoal burners.

"Only listen," replied his wife, "how the mother calls

"Only listen," replied his wife, "how the mother calls her chicks, who understand her voice, and follow where she leads them. It would be well if children were equally attentive and obedient to the commands of their parents."

There was a strong desire to examine the young brood more closely, and one little fellow caught a chicken for the purpose. In an instant the hen darted forward to attack the child, and would have made him repent his rashness, if he had not speedily released his captive. His father was not angry, because he did not mean to do wrong; but he took occasion to notice the fidelity and affection with which the mother watched over her young. Presently the hen, finding a morsel of food, gave a maternal



cluck, and the little brood were immediately gathered round her; she first divided it with her beak, and then resigned it to her offspring, who, feeble as they were, snatched at it one after another, and pecked it voraciously. It caused no little astonishment to see them eat and fight, though they had only been hatched a day. As soon as the sun was set, the hen gathered the whole brood under her wings, to keep them warm. "This is the best of it all," said the charcoal burners; "nothing can be more delightful than to see here and there a little head peeping from the protecting wing of the mother, and immediately drawing itself back on account of the cold."

The miller, whose coat covered with flour gave him a singular appearance among the black charcoal burners, sense. "These birds," said he, "are indeed very remarkable creatures. We see God, it is true, in all the works of nature, but his goodness, wisdom, and power, never make so strong an impression upon our minds, as when we perceive something extraordinary. Consider what a good thing it is, that these little birds are able to run about and feed themselves from their very birth. If, like the swallows, their mother was forced to put the food into their beaks, her task would never be accomplished. What a blessing, too, that instinct teaches them to follow and obey her. Were they to stray to a distance, the hen would never be able to collect them again, and she would lose half of them. I should like to know, too, where she finds the courage with which she defends her young. They seem naturally to be very timid birds; for they always run away at our approach; but no sooner do they become mothers than their very nature appears changed-they acquire new instincts and new habits, and will attack those who attempt to harm their young. Since we have had them in the valley, I have often been amused to see them fight and quarrel for a grain of barley; but their ordinary voracity is at once laid aside in favour of their young, nor will the hen touch any thing till she has satisfied her brood. I verily believe the affectionate creature would die of hunger, rather than rob her little ones of their food. The tender solicitude with which she watches, feeds, cherishes, and protects them, is awakened in her by God ;-and if God is so bountiful to the little birds, will he not take much greater care of human beings? Yes, truly! Courage, my young friends! All that God does is good. His providential care is over all his creatures, but especially over man, who is far more dear in his sight than all the fowls of the air, and all the beasts of the field."

LOVES OF THE POETS.*-No. I.

DANTE'S BEATRICE PORTINARI.

THEY first met at a banquet, given by her father Folco de' Portinari, when Dante was only nine years old, and Beatrice a year younger. His childish attachment, as he tells us himself, commenced from that hour; it became a passion which increased with his years, and did not perish

with its object.

Beatrice died in her twenty-fourth year; extreme grief for the death of her father, acting on a delicate constitution, hastened her end; but Dante continued to mourn for her, and to make her the subject of his poetical homage, down to the hour of his own death, which took place at Ravenna in 1321. He left several sons and an only daughter, whom he had named Beatrice, in remembrance of his early love. She became a nun at Ravenna. Some years after the death of his Beatrice, Dante, urged by his friends, married Gemma Donati, of an illustrious Florentini family. Her temper was violent and harsh, and their domestic peace was probably not increased by Dante's obstinate regret for his first love.

Beatrice was a majestic beauty, on a large scale of loveliness, tall, and of a commanding figure. Her hair was "fair and curling"—she had "an ample forehead," a "mouth that when it smiled surpassed all things in sweetness," so that the poet would give the universe to hear it pronounce a kind "yes;" her "neck was white and slender, springing gracefully from the bust;" "a small round dimpled chin;" "her arms were beautiful and round; her hand soft, white, and polished; her fingers slender, and decorated with jewelled rings, as became her birth," "fair she was as a pearl," "graceful and lovely to look upon, but disdainful when it was becoming." All these traits are quotations of Mrs. Jameson's from the poet's own descriptions of her, but it is remarkable there is not one amongst them that describes her eyes.†

Dante too was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty which was characteristic of his mind. His eyes were large and intensely black; his nose aquiline; his complexion of a dark olive; his hair and beard very much curled; his step slow and measured, and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of

melancholy abstraction.

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The love of Dante for his Beatrice, partook of the purity, tenderness, and elevated character of her who inspired it; and was also stamped with that stern and melancholy abstraction, that disposition to mysticism, which were such

strong features in the character of her lover.

Years after her death he beheld, he says, "a marvellous vision," which caused him to "cease from writing in praise of his blessed Beatrice, until he could celebrate her more worthily," and we owe to this illusion, his Divina Commedia.

"In this transport of enthusiasm," says Mrs. Jameson,
"Dante conceived the idea of his great poem, of which
Beatrice was destined to be the heroine. It was to no
Muse, called by fancy from her fabled heights, and
feigned at the poet's will; it was not to ambition of fame,

nor literary leisure seeking a vent for overflowing thoughts; nor to the wish to aggrandise himself, or flatter the pride of a patron; but to the inspiration of a young, beautiful, and noble-minded woman, that we owe one of the greatest efforts of human genius, and never did it enter into the imagination of any lover, before or since, to raise so vast, so enduring, so glorious a monument to the worth and charms of a mistress.

Other poets were satisfied if they conferred on the object of their love an immortality on earth. "Dante was not content till he had placed his on a throne in the Empyreum, above choirs of angels, in the presence of the very fountain of glory; her brow wreathed with eternal beams, and clothed with the ineffable splendours of beatitude, an apotheosis compared to which, all others are earthly and poor indeed!" Dante was born some forty years before Petrarch.

THE LAURA OF PETRARCH

Was of high birth and station, though her life was spent in retirement and domestic cares. Her father, Audibert de Noves, was of the haute noblesse of Avignon, where at the age of eighteen, and two years before her first meeting with Petrarch, she was married to Hugh de Sadi, a man of equal rank to her own, and of corresponding age, but not distinguished by any advantages either of person or mind. Their marriage contract is dated in January, 1325. Petrarch beheld her for the first time on the 6th of April, 1327, about the first hour of the day, in the church of St. Claira in Avignon; and it is not a little remarkable, that in the same city, the same month of April, the same day and hour, in the year 1358, this "light of his life" (as Petrarch writes in the celebrated inscription in his celebrated copy of Virgil) was withdrawn from the world, while be was absent at Verona. Laura died of the plague, which at that time desolated Avignon, and which termi-nated the life of the sufferer on the third day. The moment she was seized with the fatal symptoms, she dictated her will, and notwithstanding the pestilential nature of her disorder, she was surrounded to the last by her numerous relations and friends, who braved death rather than forsake her. Her tomb in the Cordeliers' church (Frati Minori) was discovered and opened in 1533, in the presence of Francis I. whose celebrated stanzas on the occasion are well known. Petrarch survived her twenty-six years, dying in 1374. He was found lifeless one morning in his study, his hand resting on a book. Laura was in person a fair Madonnalike beauty, with soft dark eyes, and a profusion of pale golden hair parted on her brow, and falling in rich curls on her neck. The "celestial grace of her figure and movements," the "loveliness of her mouth," the lightning of her angel smile ("il lampeggiar dell' angelico viso,") her habit of veiling her eyes with her hand; the beauty of that hand ("obida man che mi distringi il core," Sonnet 166) and a multiplicity of other personal traits, have been lavishly descanted upon by the poet, caused by innumerable graces of allusion and of colouring, which can leave us no doubt that the "bare and varying expression of her loveliness" had completely enthralled his senses; but far more flattering and more honourable to Laura, is her lover's confession of the influence which her charming character possessed over him, for it is certain that we owe to Laura's exquisite purity of mind and manners, the polished delicacy of the homage addressed to her. Passing over the circumstance of her being a married woman, and therefore not a proper object of amorous verse, there is not in all the poetry she inspired, a line or sentiment which angels might not hear and approve. Petrarch represents her as expressing neither surprise nor admiration at the self-sacrifice of Lucretia, but only wondering that shame and grief had not antici-

* By Mrs. Jameson. +In which however he says, "I will love."

pated the dagger of the Roman matron. He tells us that she had raised him above all low-thoughted cares, and purified his heart from all base desires. Every generous feeling, every noble sentiment, every desire for improvement, he refers to her, and to her only. He tells us that Laura united the highest intellect with the purest heart—
'In alto intelletto un puro core." He dwells with rapture on her angelic modesty, which excited at once his reverence and his despair; but he confesses that he still hopes something from the pitying tenderness of her disposition. Petrarch has been accused of sameness. The wonder is, how in a collection of nearly four hundred poems, all, with one or two exceptions, turning upon the same subject and sentiment, the poet has poured forth such an endless and redundant variety both of thought and feeling. Laura was evidently proud of her conquest; she had else been more or less than woman. But all the evidence that has been collected, external and internal, prose and poetry, critical and traditional, tends to prove, first, that Laura preserved her virtue to the last; and secondly, that she did not preserve it unassailed. Petrarch only hints this in his poetry, just sufficiently to enhance the glory which he casts round his divinity, but he speaks more plainly in prose: "Untouched by my prayers, unvanquished by my arguments, unmoved by my flattery, she remained faithful to her sex's honour; she resisted her own young heart and mine, and a thousand, thousand, thousand things which must have conquered any other. She remained unshaken a woman taught me the duty of a man! to persuade me to keep the path of virtue, her conduct was at once an example and a reproach; and when she beheld me break through all bounds, and rush blindly to the precipice, she had the courage to abandon me." But does not this imply that Petrarch more than suspected that her heart was on his side? and does he not come "too near, who comes to be denied?

Petrarch had in his youth a gay and captivating exterior; his complexion was fair, with blue eyes and a ready smile. He is very amusing on the subject of his own coxcombry, and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair.

Schlegel very justly remarks, that the impression of Petrarch's monotony may arise from our considering at one view, and bound up in one volume, a long series of poems which were written at different times, and on different occasions, in the course of many years. Laura herself, he avers, would certainly have been ennuyée to death with her own praises, if she had been obliged to read over, at one sitting, all the verses which her lover composed on her charms; and I agree with him.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF BISHOP BEDELL.

"When first," says Plutarch, "I applied myself to the writing of these lives, it was for the good of others; but I now pursue that study for my own advantage, availing myself of history, as of a mirror, from which I learn to adjust and regulate my conduct; for it is like living and conversing with these illustrious men, when I invite and receive them, as it were, under my roof; when I consider how great and illustrious they were, and select from their lives the most glorious and memorable circumstances—a greater pleasure than which the gods can scarce grant us, or a more effectual method for the regulation of our conduct." If then the use of biography be to stimulate exertion, by proposing to us the examples of illustrious men, that of Bishop Bedell, distinguished alike for piety and learning, is well deserving of our attention.

Among the many who, from time to time, have exerted themselves for the good of Ireland, William Bedell deserves to be remembered with peculiar gratitude. He was born at Black Notley in Essex, in 1560, and educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a fellow.

Having been for some time minister of St. Edmund's Bury, he went to Venice, as chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, and continuing eight years in that city, contracted an intimate friendship with the famous Father Paul; during which time he translated the English Prayer-book into the Italian language. His connexion with Ireland, the scene of his useful labours, commenced in 1627, as Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, for which responsible post he was recommended by Archbishop Usher, as successor to Sir William Temple, and for which, if we may judge from the many useful changes which he effected in the management of that establishment, he was admirably qualified. In 1629, he was consecrated bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh, and immediately on taking possession of his see, began to reform the many abuses which there existed. His connexion with this country could not possibly have been the consequence of his seeking for worldly advantages, for a residence in Ireland at that period could only be considered by an Englishman as a kind of banishment; and, in fact, had he consulted his own comfort or temporal interests, he would have remained in his native country, where his character was duly appreciated, and where he had the fairest prospects of advancement in the But he thought that the Lord had summoned him to Ireland; for he says, " If God call me, I must answer, Here I am; I shall obey his commands, yea, though I were not only to meet with troubles, dangers, and difficulties, but death itself in the performance.

As an account of the many important services which he performed while labouring in the service of the Lord, would require a wider space than our limits permit, we must confine our attention to that one circumstance which has endeared his memory—his exertions to provide for the instruction of the native Irish, through the medium of their own tongue, the only tongue which the majority of them understood, and accordingly the only means by which the knowledge of divine truth could be expected to

To effect what appears to have been, the grand object of his life, he procured an Irish translation of the Prayerbook, which he caused to be read in his church every Sunday. The New Testament having been translated by Archbishop Daniel, he committed the task of translating the Old Testament to a person named King, "who," according to Bishop Burnet, "was believed to be the elegantest writer of the Irish tongue then alive, both for prose and poetry." The publication of this version was delayed from various causes, so that the worthy bishop did not live to complete his design. The MS. however, having fallen into the hands of the Hon. Robert Boyle, the Christian philosopher, was afterwards published by him in 1685.

When the Irish rebellion of 1641 broke out, the bishop did not at first feel the violence of its effects, for the very rebels were awed into reverence by the sanctity of his manners, and declared that he should be the last Englishman they would drive out of Ireland. But having refused to dismiss certain persons who had fled to him for refuge, they seized him and his family, and imprisoned them in the castle of Cloughboughter. After having been confined for a few weeks, though treated with the greatest consideration and respect, yet suffering from the effects of confinement, he died, February 7th, 1641. At his burial, which was numerously attended by the rebel chiefs, as a mark of respect, a priest, who was present, is said to have

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exclaimed, "O, sit anima mea cum Bedello!"—"Oh! may my soul be with that of Bedell!"

His purpose of teaching the native Irish the word of God, by means of their own language, met with great opposition from the Church of Rome, as well as from many Protestants, who either from ignorance or prejudice, were disposed to thwart his designs. Had he been spared to forward what he had so laudably begun, there is no doubt but that it would have been crowned with success; but though his version of the Bible was afterwards published under the auspices of Boyle, there does not appear to have been any great exertion made, for more than a century, to circulate its benefits. Meanwhile the lamentable darkness, in which so vast a portion of our globe, and so many of our fellow-creatures, to whom the light of the Gospel had not yet come, were involved, had become an object of such interest, that missionary associations were formed, and many, for the sake of reclaiming others, volunteered to risk their lives in far and distant lands. While by the strenuous efforts of these associations, missionaries were sent forth in different directions, and the very hills and deserts of Asia and Africa began to feel the good effects of their exertions, Ireland, unhappy Ireland, was well nigh forgotten,—at least it was neglected, or considered a hopeless case. Attempts to evangelize the Irish were, no doubt, now and then tried by a few philanthropic individuals, but the means which they employed for reforming others, were not employed in the case of these. The Gospel was often preached to them, but in a language which was only imperfectly known to a few, and utterly unknown to thousands.

The good work which had been begun by Bedell, but after his death lay dormant for many years, has been lately followed up with comparative success, when we consider the means of its execution. It has met with the most determined opposition from many, and had it not been for the unwearied exertions of a few persons, must inevi-tably have failed; but the labours of the Irish Society have not been unrewarded. Who would have supposed that in the very wilds of Kerry, the most uncivilized portion of our island, in the midst of mountains, at the distance of seven miles from the nearest road, where the English language is unknown, a church may now be found, which has been lately erected by this Society, and in which the service of lately erected by this society, and in which the Service of the Church of England is regularly performed in all the simplicity of the Irish language? There are now upwards of 20,000 individuals, old and young, who until the formation of this useful Society, which loudly claims the assistance of our English brethren, were involved in ignorance and darkness, but who now continue stedfast in searching the Scriptures, willing and anxious to com-municate to those around them that blessing, which an acquaintance with Jesus has brought home to their own hearts.

B. H. B.

THE WEDDING.

A WEDDING is a ceremony of mingled pain and pleasure, in which anticipation prevents the pain from being positive pain, and recollection precludes the possibility of unmixed pleasure. The very bells, merry as their peals are intended to be, convey a tender melancholy, which is, to us, inseparable from the sound of a village belfry, whatever be the occasion of their being put in motion. Then the banquet, the wit, the repartee, the joke, are not continuous; a little life sparkles upon the surface of the conversation, but, like the effervescence of the champagne which fills the glasses of the party, it soon subsides into

sober tranquillity. There are anxious hearts under smiling countenances. The parents look at their daughter, and feel how great, how rich a treasure they are losing, and confiding to another's care. Their minds glance back to her days of infancy, the progress of her childhood, and now dwell with anxious solicitude upon her entrance into the duties of womanhood.

None but a parent can know what parents feel upon occasions like this. And then the bride, gazing with a filial and grateful spirit upon the faces of those under whose paternal kindness she has been fostered, still trembling at the magnitude and irrevocability of the step she has taken, and which must give a colour to the whole of her future existence. Then, turning her eyes upon her new-made husband, with a glance which seems to say—" and now I must look for husband, parent, all in you,"—the reciprocal glance re-assures her—she drinks in confidence and reliance as her eyes bend beneath his—a thousand new feelings agitate her bosom—and anticipation gets the better of recollection. The future for a moment banishes the past, and she feels secure on the new throne which she has erected for herself in the heart of the man to whom she has confided her happiness—her all.

THE FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

In the vicinity of Odessa, a city in Russia, the visita-tion of a flight of locusts is more dreaded than the incursion of an army of warriors; it is considered a most dreadful calamity. The flight of these insects at times literally darkens the sun. In some years every thing is eaten up; not a blade is left for man or beast; not a single green leaf remains either on herb or tree. Instances are known of people dying of actual hunger, not far from the city above mentioned, during the famine occasioned by their devastations. Locusts are therefore the greatest scourge that the country is exposed to, and no sooner do they appear than the poor peasant prognosticates misery in a future year; for it appears that it is not always by actual invasion in flights that the greatest harm is done, but also by the larvæ bred from insects deposited in the ground, during a previous visit. The severe cold of winter has no effect on them; the only thing that destroys the egg is a smart frost in August. When the locusts come in their dense array, from the south, nothing but noise has any effect in preventing them from settling in any spot. It is well known also that bees may be prevented in like manner by sound from flying in any particular direction. An English lady gave the author a very amusing account of the musical entertainments held in her house and gardens a few years before, at the time swarms of locusts were in progress. Her lord and husband was, as of right, leader of the harmonious band; and for this purpose armed himself with a huge bell, which he swung with amazing effect. Next to him came the gardener with his watering pan; after this zealous functionary came the footman with the fireshovels; then the housemaids with their pots and kettles; and finally, the children of the family, equipped with tea-boards and toasting-forks, which assuredly played no secondary part in the noisy concert. Ever as the hour of danger returned, the performers were at their posts, walking up and down, to their own great amusement and delectation, but greatly to the dismay of the locusts, as well as of the families in the adjoining hutors, who thought that their English neighbours had all gone mad. So effectual, however, were these performances, that while not a leaf was left in any other part of the land, this well-watched garden continued as verdant as ever .- Bremner's Excursions in Russia.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE THORN.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

ENOUGH do flowers of various hues Within an Album's leaves abound; Say have you ever found a muse, The praises of the Thorn to sound?

Ask, what preserves that lovely rose From many a rude encroaching hand? She'll tell you, that against her foes, The Thorn as sentinel doth stand.

Ask, what that waving field of corn Unplundered and untrod preserves? 'Tis the surrounding hedge of thorn, Which best to foil intruders serves.

See yonder bird so snug and warm, In little nest securely hung, Her offspring sheltered safe from harm, Her building to the Thorn hath clung.

True, it might, haply, piercing through, Molest the parent, harm the child; But, hence, it daily comes to view, see smooths it o'er, with mosses piled.

And when short-sighted, erring man,
Thinks, nestled in a home secure,
To pluck life's roses, all he can,
Although of life itself not sure;
What checks him, and cries out, "beware?"
The thorns of sickness, sorrow, care.
P. C. E. R.

VARIETIES.

EFFECTS PRODUCED ON AN IDIOT'S MIND BY HABITS OF INTERCOURSE WITH A YOUNG GIRL.-In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated, that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hand shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure. In the neighbourhood a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks, and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but, after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested, that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write. He answered, No. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighbouring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice; continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied to him, both on her account and his own. She died. He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!-Combe's Notes on the United States.

So untrue is it that all men are equal, that two men never remained half an hour in each other's company without the one obtaining a superiority over the other.—Johnson.

CLOSE CALCULATION.—The "St. Louis Gazette" goes into a calculation, to show the amount of tobacco a man chews in a lifetime. The editor says, "Suppose a tobacco chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, each day of that time he consumes two inches of solid plug, which amounts to 6375 feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, a half-inch thick, and two inches broad." He wants to know what a young beginner would think if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and he were told that to chew it up would be one of the exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of 1095 dollars. We guess he would think it a pretty considerable job.—New York Evening Post.

HOW TO LEAD MANKIND .- If masters fully understood the influence which even the slightest personal attention produces on the minds of their workmen, they would be more lavish than they are of a simple act of justice which can cost them so little, and would profit them so much. Treat a man like a friend, and you soon make him one; treat him like a rogue, and his honesty must be much greater than your wisdom, if he do not seem to justify your suspicions! In no way are men so easily led-often, it is true, so blindly led-as through the affections. Thanks to the benign arrangements of a merciful Father, the affections are the only part of our nature the cultivation of which man cannot neglect, however much he may often pervert them. Every man comes into the world surrounded by objects of affection. The filial and parental tie is one which binds rich and poor alike; and is often the stronger in the poor, because it is almost the only domestic blessing which they can truly call their own. Hence it is, that men who are quite inaccessible to reason, are easily led by the affections; and no wise man will neglect to use, especially when it is for the mutual benefit of all, this powerful and universally prevailing instrument. The next stage to the tie of parent and child, in the progress of society, is that of master and servant; and it is for the interest of both to carry into their relations with each other as much as possible of the kindly feeling which has been nursed in the bosom, in childhood, by the domestic fireside -Rev. Mr. Parkinson.

The power of enjoying the harmless and reasonable pleasures of life is not only essential to a man's happiness, but an indication of several valuable qualities, both of the heart and the head, which can hardly exist without it.

A Frankfort paper says, there is now living at Moscow the widow of a dealer in skins, who has attained her 127th year. When 123, she married her fifth husband. All her alliances have been prosperous and happy. She is still in full possession of all her mental faculties. She has never been attacked with any dangerous illness.

THE THOUGHTS OF ANOTHER WORLD.—It is not in the heyday of health and enjoyment—it is not in the morning sunshine of his day, that man can be expected feelingly to remember his latter end, and to fix his heart upon eternity. But in after life many causes operate to wean us from the world; grief softens the heart; sickness searches it; the blossoms of hope are shed; death cuts down the flower of the affections; the disappointed man turns his thoughts towards a state of existence where his wiser desires may be fixed with the certainty of faith; the successful man feels that objects which he has already pursued fail to satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit; the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, that he may save his soul alive.—Southey.

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